

TOMB OF
DRACULA™

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™ LORD OF VAMPIRES!



DRACULA
IS NO LONGER A
VAMPIRE! BUT HE IS--
MARKED
FOR
DEATH!



Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did* not die. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARY WOLFGAN / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / JIM SHOOTER
WRITER / EDITOR ILLUSTRATORS MICHELE W., COLORIST CONSULTING EDITOR

SHOWDOWN in GREENWICH VILLAGE!

NEW YORK IS AN IMPERSONAL CITY AT THE BEST OF TIMES, DURING A WINTER STORM, IT BECOMES DOWN-
RIGHT HOSTILE.

SOMEHOW, HE IS NOT OUT OF PLACE HERE IN TIMES SQUARE. MEN BARELY GLANCE AT HIM, WOMEN GIVE A SLIGHT WISHFUL SMILE BEFORE THEIR FACES RETURN TO THEIR MORE STANDARD SOMNAMBULANT EXPRESSIONS.

HOW DO I EXPECT TO FIND MY DAUGHTER IN THIS MAD-HOUSE? I MUST BE A FOOL TO TRY.

YOU HAVE TO WORK AT IT TO LIVE IN THE BIG APPLE, SO WHY PAY NEED TO ONE MAN, EVEN IF HE IS PERHAPS TALLER, PERHAPS GRIMMER, PERHAPS MORE THREATENING THAN MOST?



HE PULLS HIS CLOAK ABOUT HIM TO WARD OFF THE COLD THAT CHILLS HIS VERY BONE. HE IS NOT AMUSED BY THIS NEW SENSATION. COLDNESS NEVER BOTHERED HIM BEFORE...

...BEFORE THE ARCH-DEMON, SATAN, STRIPPED HIM OF HIS VAMPIRIC CURSE, RETURNED HIM TO A HUMAN EXISTENCE.

SUDDENLY, THE MUNDANE BECOMES FRIGHTENING. DRACULA IS HUNGRY, AND THOUGH HE HAS FELT HUNGER BEFORE, THIS TIME IT CANNOT BE SATISFIED MERELY BY SIPPING BLOOD.

AND IT IS NOT SO SIMPLE TO ACQUIRE FOOD.

NO, IN THIS MAD WORLD ONE MUST HAVE MONEY... AND TO GET MONEY--

--ONE MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE SOME RISKS.

YOUR WALLETS, FOOL-- I WANT YOUR CASH!

OH, LORD-- A MUGGER!

IS THIS ALL YOU HAVE? IS THIS ALL?

GO AWAY, PLEASE-- WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE-- TAKE IT-- JUST DON'T HURT US!

DAMN! WHAT AM I DOING? IS THIS WHAT I'VE BEEN REDUCED TO?

I'M NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON THIEF!



WHAT? NOW I
FEEL **DOUBT**?
WHAT IS HAP-
PENING TO ME?

I'VE
ALWAYS
TAKEN
WHAT I
NEED.

THIS
ASN'T ANY
EXCEPTION!

DAMN IT!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE TO ME,
SATAN?



WHY DO YOU MAKE
ME **DOUBT** MY
ACTIONS? WHY DO
YOU MAKE ME
HARRY WHETHER
I'VE DONE RIGHT
OR WRONG?

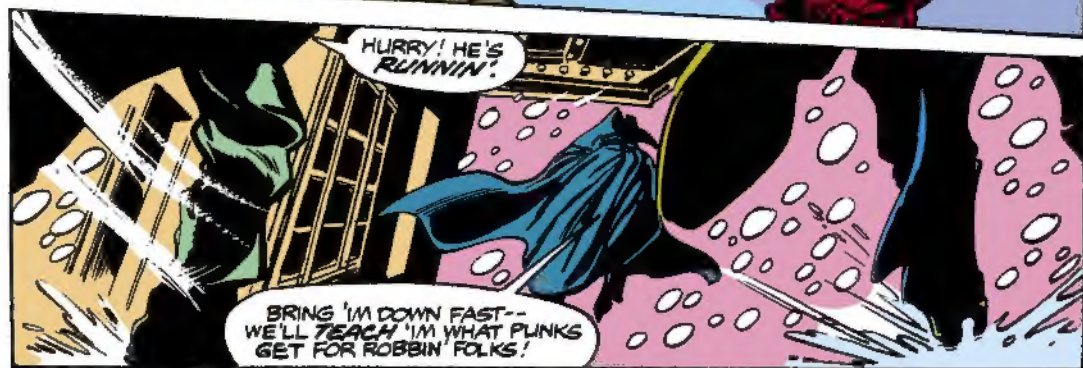
I'VE ALWAYS
FOLLOWED MY
OWN RULES
FOR--EH?

SOMEONE,
PLEASE--HELP
ME! THAT MAN
ROBBED US.



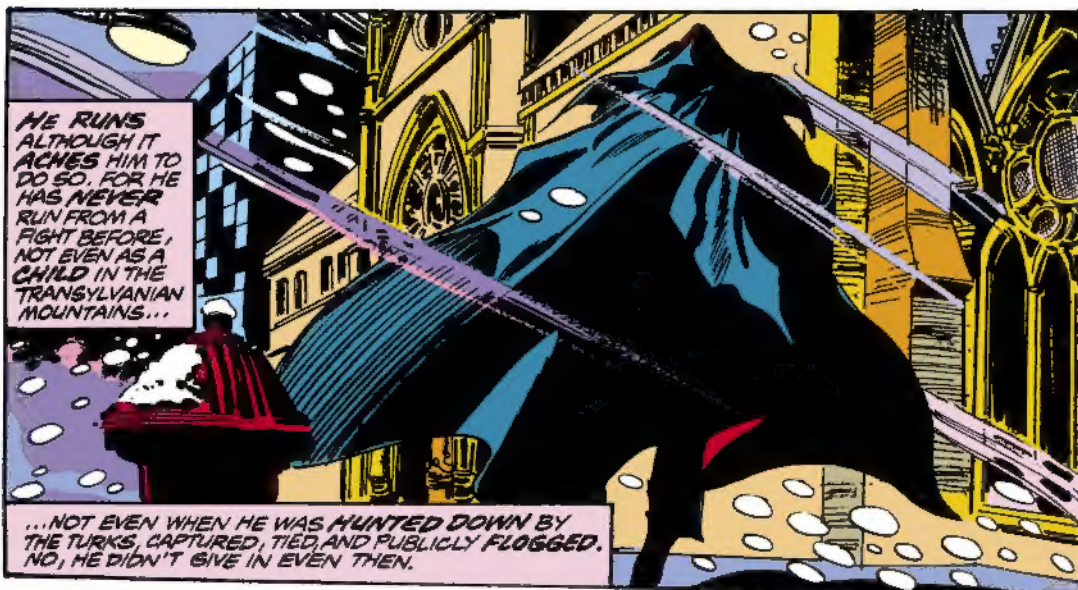
C'MON, FILTHO--
DOESN'T LOOK TOO
TOUGH. LET'S
TACKLE 'IM.

PLEASE--
YOU'VE GOT
TO **HELP**!



**HURRY! HE'S
RUNNIN'.**

BRING 'IM DOWN FAST--
WE'LL **TEACH** 'IM WHAT PUNKS
GET FOR ROBBIN' FOLKS!



HE RUNS
ALTHOUGH IT
ACHES HIM TO
DO SO. FOR HE
HAS NEVER
RUN FROM A
FIGHT BEFORE,
NOT EVEN AS A
CHILD IN THE
TRANSYLVANIAN
MOUNTAINS...

...NOT EVEN WHEN HE WAS HUNTED DOWN BY
THE TURKS, CAPTURED, TIED, AND PUBLICLY FLOGGED.
NO, HE DIDN'T GIVE IN EVEN THEN.



DURING ALL THOSE LONG
YEARS OF CAPTIVITY AND
HUMILIATION, HE NEVER
CRIED... FOR TEARS WERE
UNMANLY... AND SOON
WHATEVER TEARS THERE
MAY HAVE BEEN WERE GONE
--FOR
GOOD.



DRACULA HAS ALWAYS BEEN A
PROUD MAN, AND TO FLEE NOW
SOLEMNLY TROUBLES HIM--YET
HE HAS A MISSION TO FUL-
FILL, AND HE CANNOT ALLOW HIM-
SELF TO BE
STOPPED--



ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, SON?

DO YOU
NEED
ANY
HELP?



-- BY
ANY-
ONE.

HIS FACE WAS SO TORN
WITH EMOTION...

...WHY COULDN'T
HE ACCEPT
HELP?

"PRIDE GOETH
BEFORE DESTRUC-
TION, AND AN
HAUGHTY SPIRIT
BEFORE A FALL."
WORDS WRITTEN
IN A BOOK
DRACULA FOR-
SOOK DURING
THOSE COLD,
FRIGHTENING
DAYS AS A CHILD
HIDDEN AWAY IN
DARKNESS.



DOUBT? FRIGHT? WORRY? TOO MANY NEW EMOTIONS-- I DO NOT LIKE THEM, AND HUNGER-- DAMN, WILL IT NEVER GO AWAY?

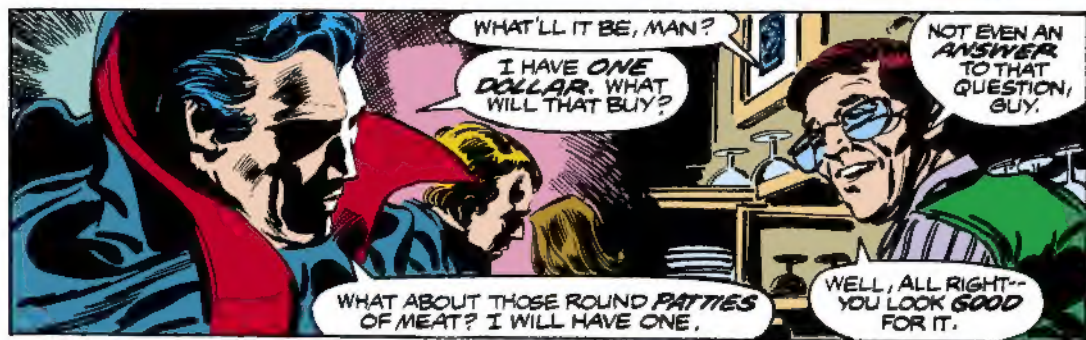
THIS NEED FOR FOOD GNAWS AT ME.

I--I HAVE NO CHOICE, HOLD! THAT RESTAURANT!



HE ENTERS INTO A WALL OF COLOR AND SOUND, A WORLD UNLIKE ANY HE HAS EVER KNOWN. FOR ALL TOO LONG A TIME HE STANDS UNSURE, AND A BIT FRIGHTENED BY HIS IGNORANCE.

IS THIS HOW HUMANS ENTERTAIN THEMSELVES? OR IS THIS SOME MAD TORTURE? HOW CAN THEY STAND THE NOISE THAT DEAFENS HIM?



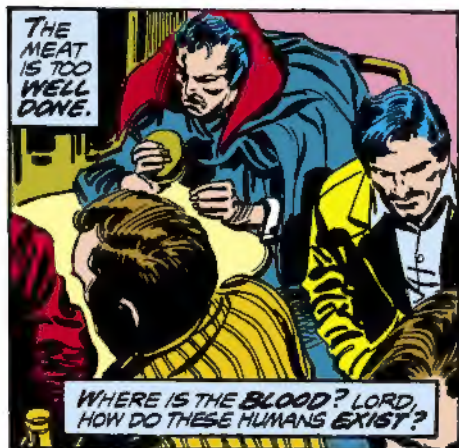
WHAT'LL IT BE, MAN?

I HAVE ONE DOLLAR. WHAT WILL THAT BUY?

NOT EVEN AN ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, GUY.

WHAT ABOUT THOSE ROUND PATTIES OF MEAT? I WILL HAVE ONE.

WELL, ALL RIGHT-- YOU LOOK GOOD FOR IT.



THE MEAT IS TOO WELL DONE.

WHERE IS THE BLOOD? LORD, HOW DO THESE HUMANS EXIST?



UHHH, YOU ALONE?

EXCUSE ME, YOU ALONE?



YOU LOOK LONELY, ARE YOU?

I AM HERE ALONE. WHY?

I'M HERE ALONE, TOO. ISN'T THAT GOOD ENOUGH REASON?

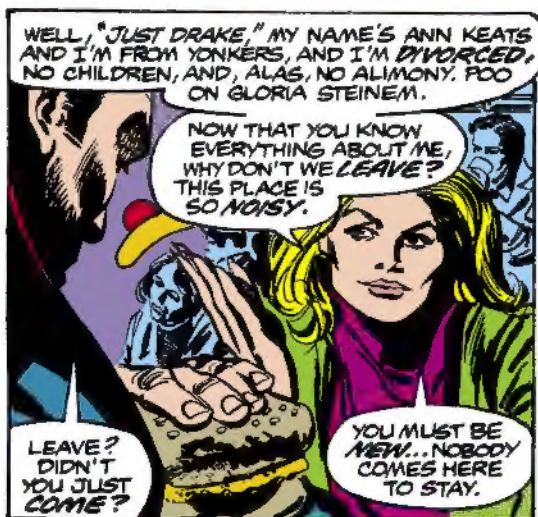
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



NAME--? UHHH, DRAKE!

THAT YOUR FIRST NAME OR LAST?

JUST DRAKE...

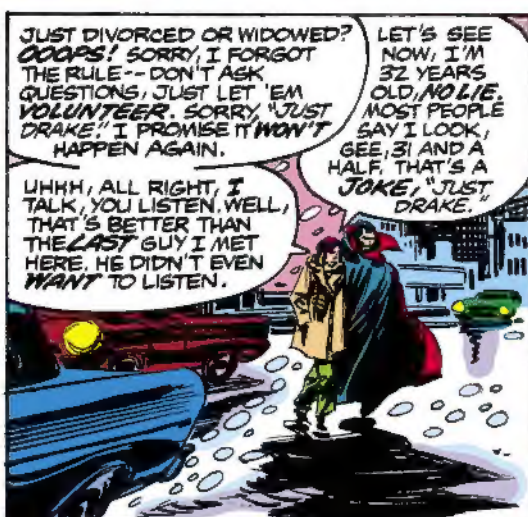


WELL, "JUST DRAKE," MY NAME'S ANN KEATS AND I'M FROM YONKERS, AND I'M **DIVORCED**. NO CHILDREN, AND, ALAS, NO ALIMONY. POO ON GLORIA STEINEM.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, WHY DON'T WE **LEAVE**? THIS PLACE IS SO NOISY.

LEAVE? DIDN'T YOU JUST COME?

YOU MUST BE **NEW**... NOBODY COMES HERE TO STAY.



JUST DIVORCED OR WIDOWED? **DOOPS!** SORRY, I FORGOT THE RULE-- DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, JUST LET 'EM **VOLUNTEER**. SORRY, "JUST DRAKE," I PROMISE IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

UHHH, ALL RIGHT, I TALK, YOU LISTEN. WELL, THAT'S BETTER THAN THE **LAST** GUY I MET HERE. HE DIDN'T EVEN **WANT** TO LISTEN.

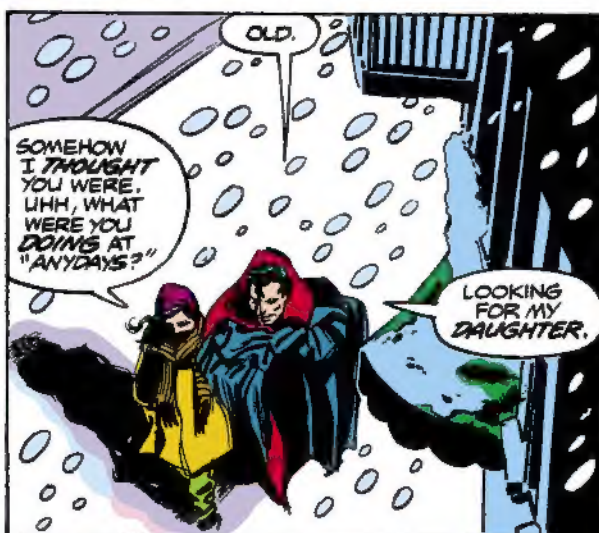
LET'S SEE NOW, I'M 32 YEARS OLD, **NO LIE**. MOST PEOPLE SAY I LOOK, GEE, 31 AND A HALF, THAT'S A **JOKE**, "JUST DRAKE."



I'M A **SECRETARY** FOR A LARGE METROPOLITAN BOOK PUBLISHER, AND AS YOU CAN TELL, I'M A REAL **SWINGER** BY... AWWW, FORGET IT.

LOOK, JUST LIKE YOU, I GO TO THOSE PLACES TO GET THROUGH THE **NIGHT**. I USE A **SHRINK** TO GET THROUGH THE DAYS.

FUNNY, YOU'RE **DIFFERENT** FROM THE OTHERS... YOU SEEM SO **WISE**. HOW OLD ARE YOU, IF YOU DON'T MIND?



OLD.

SOMEHOW I **THOUGHT** YOU WERE. UHH, WHAT WERE YOU **DOING** AT "ANYDAYS?"

LOOKING FOR MY **DAUGHTER**.



MARRIED?
SIGHHH, IT
FIGURES.
EITHER IT'S
A MARRIED
MAN OR A
NERD.

I TOLD YOU I
WAS MARRIED
ONCE, TO MY
HIGH SCHOOL
SWEETHEART.

BUT I GREW
UP AND HE
DIDN'T.



WHERE
DOES YOUR
DAUGHTER
LIVE?



SHE DOESN'T...
RATHER, I DON'T
KNOW.

WELL, MAYBE
I CAN HELP
YOU. I GOT
SOME FRIENDS
IN THE KID-
CATCHING
BUSINESS.



THOUSANDS OF GIRLS RUN AWAY TO NEW
YORK EVERY YEAR. ONE OF MY BUDDIES
WORKS FOR THIS PLACE THAT HELPS
FIND 'EM.



JACKIE / PETE-- I GOT
YOU A CUSTOMER.
RUNAWAY GIRL.

AND BE GOOD
TO THIS GUY,
WILL YA? HE'S
REAL NICE.



SURE WILL, ANNIE.
WHAT'S HER NAME?
WE'LL ALSO NEED HER
AGE, GENERAL
LOOKS...

HAVE ANY PHOTOS
OF HER? DOES SHE
HAVE ANY INTER-
ESTS, HOBBIES?
SOMETHING WE
CAN TRACE HER
DOWN WITH?

HOW CAN DRACULA TELL THEM
HIS DAUGHTER IS FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS OLD, THAT SHE
CAN INHABIT THE BODY OF A
MORTAL-- AND HE HAS NO IDEA
WHO HER CURRENT HOST-
FORM MAY BE?



AND MORE, HOW CAN HE TELL
THEM HE WANTS HER TO KILL
HIM-- SO THAT HE MAY RISE
AGAIN AS LORD OF VAMPIRES!

C'MON, MAN, YOU GOTTA TELL US **SOMETHING**. THERE ARE A **MILLION** LONELY KIDS OUT THERE **WANTIN'** TO GO HOME, BUT THEY'RE TOO **AFRAID** TO ASK.

YOU GOTTA HELP US SO WE CAN HELP THEM.

NO! I WAS A **FOOL** TO COME HERE. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME.

NOTHING I **WANT** DONE BY HUMANS.

LET ME **OUT** OF HERE-- **NOW!**

PLEASE **DON'T** RUN!

I ONLY WANT TO **HELP**.

YOU **FOLLOWED** ME HERE. **WHY?** **WHY?**

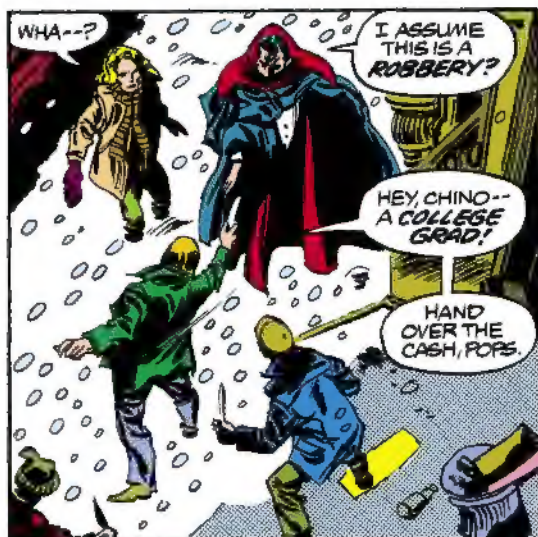
HEY, REMEMBER, "JUST **DRAKE**," NO QUESTIONS.

ACTUALLY, I REALLY JUST WANNA **HELP** LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE **DIFFER-ENT**, AND MAYBE I'M SO **CRAZY** I DON'T KNOW TO GET OUT OF HERE, OR MAYBE--

OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAND OVER SOME **DOUGH**, LADY-- YOU, TOO, MISTER.

MAKE THAT NICE AN' EASY, AN' MAYBE YOU WON'T GET CUT UP TOO BAD.

OR MAKE IT **HARD**, AN' THEY WON'T **RECOGNIZE** WHAT YOU ARE WHEN THEY GET YOU DOWN TO THE **MORGUE**. YOUR CHOICE.





DIDN'T I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR TO YOUR DISGUSTING FRIENDS?

GET OUT!

NOW!



YOU'RE GOOD, POPS-- BUT IT DON'T MATTER HOW STRONG YOU ARE.

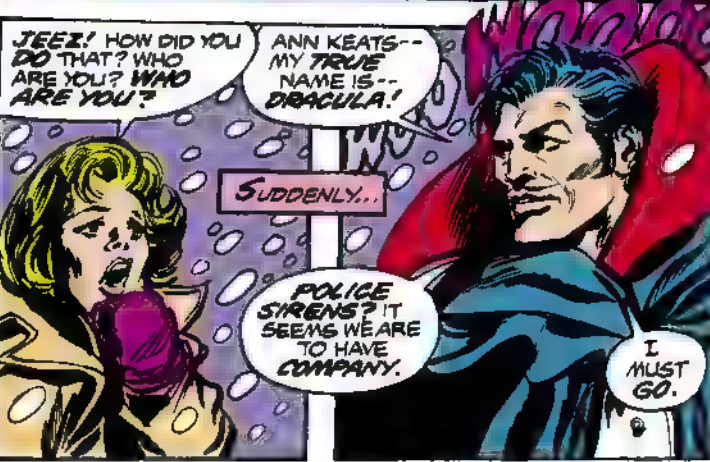
WUMP

YOU'LL STILL BLEED WHEN A KNIFE CUTS THROUGH YOU.



AND YOU'LL STILL DIE... WHEN I GET DONE.

DIE? YOU DARE TRY TO SLAY THE LORD OF VAMPIRES?



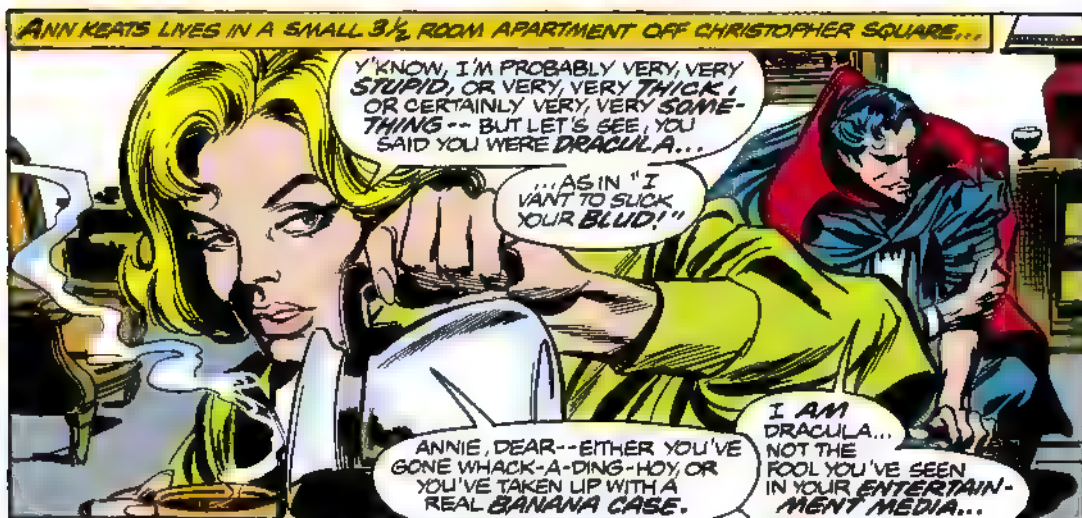
JEEZ! HOW DID YOU DO THAT? WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU?

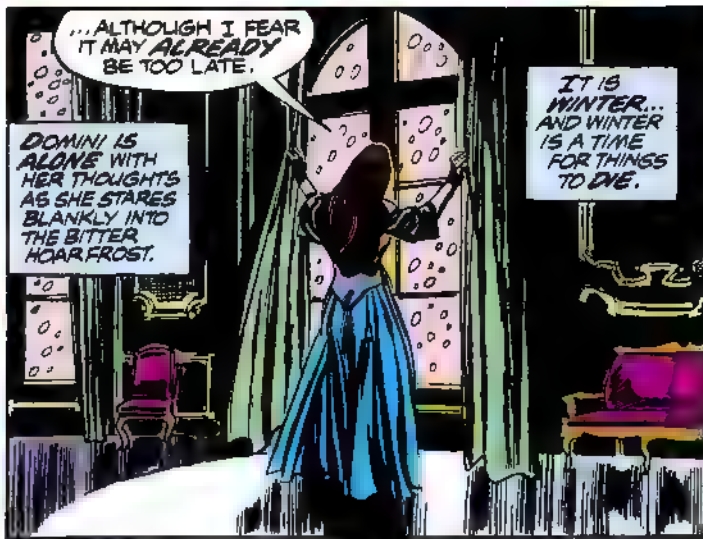
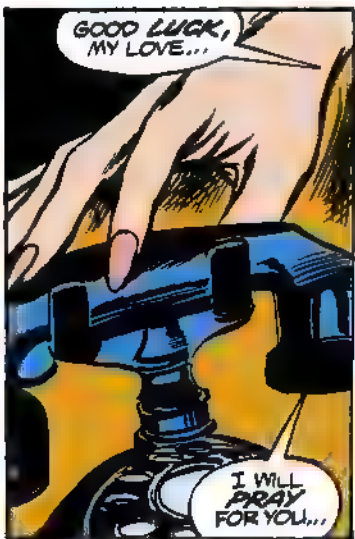
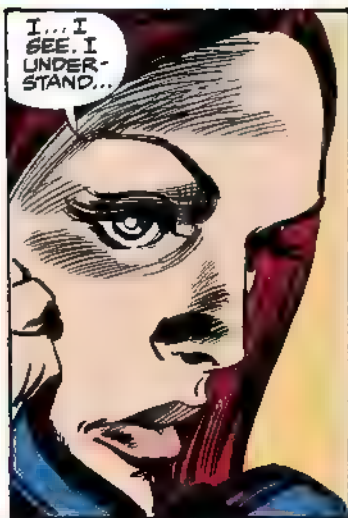
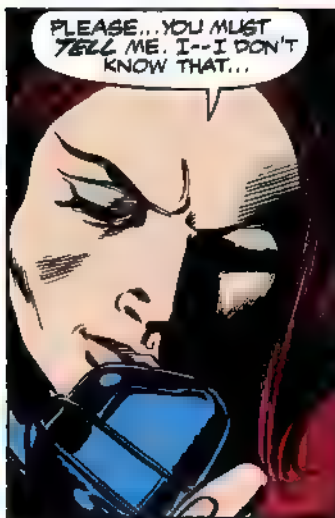
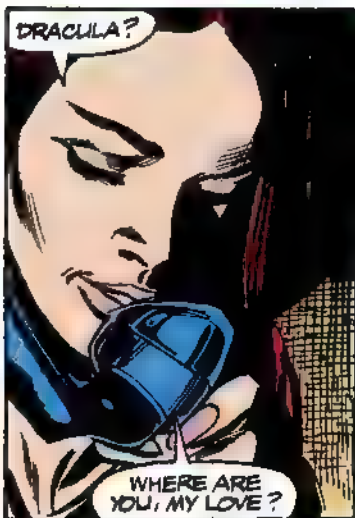
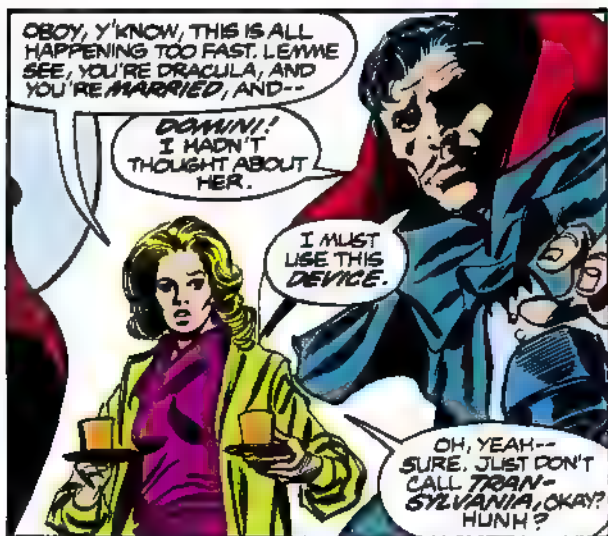
ANN KEATS-- MY TRUE NAME IS-- DRACULA!

SUDDENLY...

POLICE SYRENS? IT SEEMS WE ARE TO HAVE COMPANY.

I MUST GO.





DRAKE... UHH, DRACULA, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOU BEING A DRACULA. Y'KNOW, I HEARD HE WAS A REAL GUY AND ALL THAT.



BUT PLEASE, DON'T SAY YOU'RE THE DRACULA, THE ONE WITH FANGS.

THAT'S JUST TOO MUCH. I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BUT DRACULA DOES NOT REPLY, FOR THE NEXT MOMENT THE PEACE OF THIS GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT IS SHATTERED...



THERE YEW ARE, YA SCUM... FINALLY GOT YUH CORNERED WHERE YUH AIN'T GOIN' NOPLACE.

NOW I CAN FINALLY DO WHUT AH'M BEIN' PAID FER-- NAMELY WASTIN' YUH FER MURDERIN' MARY JO BENTLY.*

* M.J. WAS OFFED IN TOD # 62. BUT NOT BY DRACULA.--M.W.

WHO? THAT NAME MEANS NOTHING TO-- ARGGHHHH!

MY SHOULDER!



FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS EVENING, DRACULA'S LEFT ARM IS WOUNDED-- AND SIMPLY IT FALLS TO HIS SIDE.

OH, LORD-- WHO ARE YOU?



JUST A VIGILANTE, LADY-- NOTHIN' MORE.

AN' AH'M BEIN' PAID TUH BRING A MURDERER TUH JUSTICE--

--THE ONLY JUSTICE AN EX-VAMPIRE SCUM DESERVES--

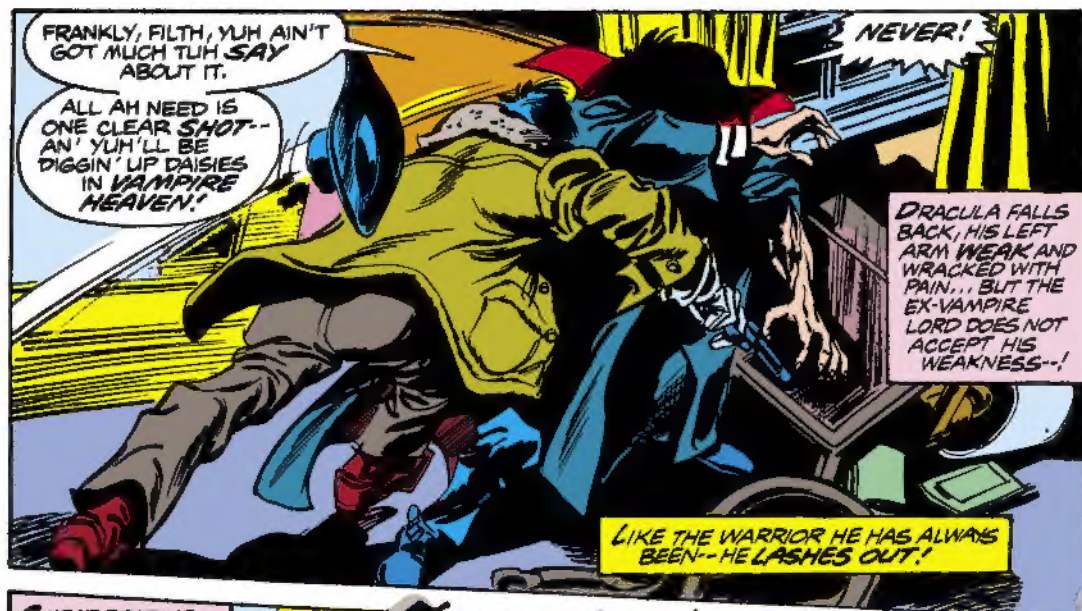
--DEATH!

NO!

I'LL NOT BE SLAIN WHILE IN THIS HUMAN FORM...



I'LL NOT DIE AFTER SO LONG AN EXISTENCE!



FRANKLY, FILTH, YUH AIN'T GOT MUCH TUH SAY ABOUT IT.

ALL AH NEED IS ONE CLEAR SHOT-- AN' YUH'LL BE DIGGIN' UP DAISIES IN VAMPIRE HEAVEN!

NEVER!

DRACULA FALLS BACK, HIS LEFT ARM WEAK AND WRACKED WITH PAIN... BUT THE EX-VAMPIRE LORD DOES NOT ACCEPT HIS WEAKNESS--!

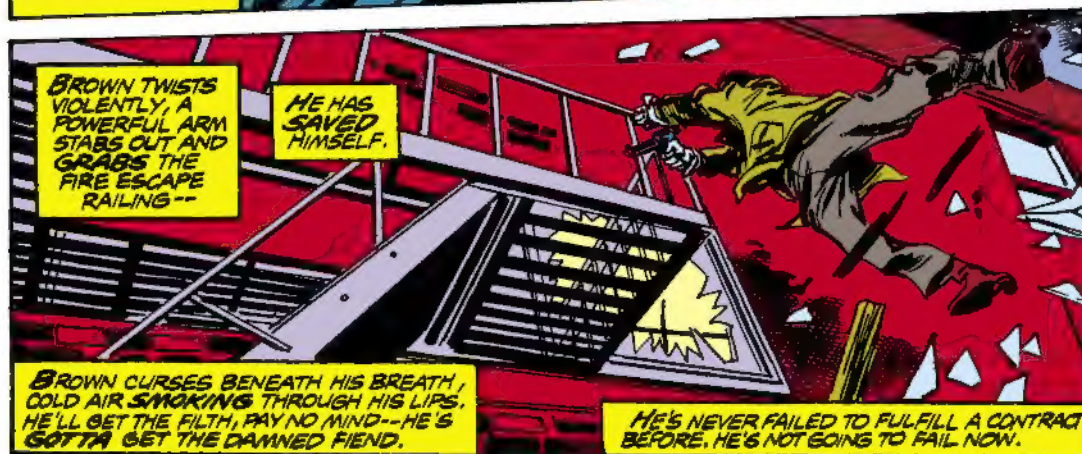
LIKE THE WARRIOR HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN-- HE LASHES OUT!



SWEAT BEADING OFF HIS FURROWED BROW, HIS RIGHT ARM TENSE, HE ATTACKS--

CRASH

--AND FRANCIS LEROY BROWN'S BODY SHATTERS THE GLASS WINDOW HE FALLS THROUGH.



BROWN TWISTS VIOLENTLY, A POWERFUL ARM STABS OUT AND GRABS THE FIRE ESCAPE RAILING--

HE HAS SAVED HIMSELF.

BROWN CURSES BENEATH HIS BREATH, COLD AIR SMOKING THROUGH HIS LIPS. HE'LL GET THE FILTH, PAY NO MIND-- HE'S GOTTA GET THE DAMNED FIEND.

HE'S NEVER FAILED TO FULFILL A CONTRACT BEFORE, HE'S NOT GOING TO FAIL NOW.



HE LEAPS UP AGAIN, HIS EYES BLAZING WITH FIERY HATE, HIS SIX GUN BLASTING AWAY. HE WILL GET DRACULA--AND HE'LL GET HIM **NOW!**

FRANCIS LEROY BROWN TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER AGAIN. THIS WILL BE ANOTHER KILL FOR THE COWBOY, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF.

THE COWBOY IS A **MASCULINE** NAME, NOT AT ALL LIKE FRANCIS LEROY BROWN. LORD, **PANSIES** HAVE NAMES LIKE FRANCIS LEROY BROWN.

AND THE COWBOY'S NO PANSY.

NOT AS LONG AS HE HOLDS HIS GUN.

NOT AS LONG AS HE CAN KILL.

YOU MISSED ME--

--AND YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE.

DRACULA'S ARM PULSES WITH PAIN... HE CAN BARELY STAND UP...



BUT...

...BEST THING IS TO GET AWAY-- HE HASN'T THE STRENGTH TO FINISH OFF THIS FOOL COWBOY NOW...



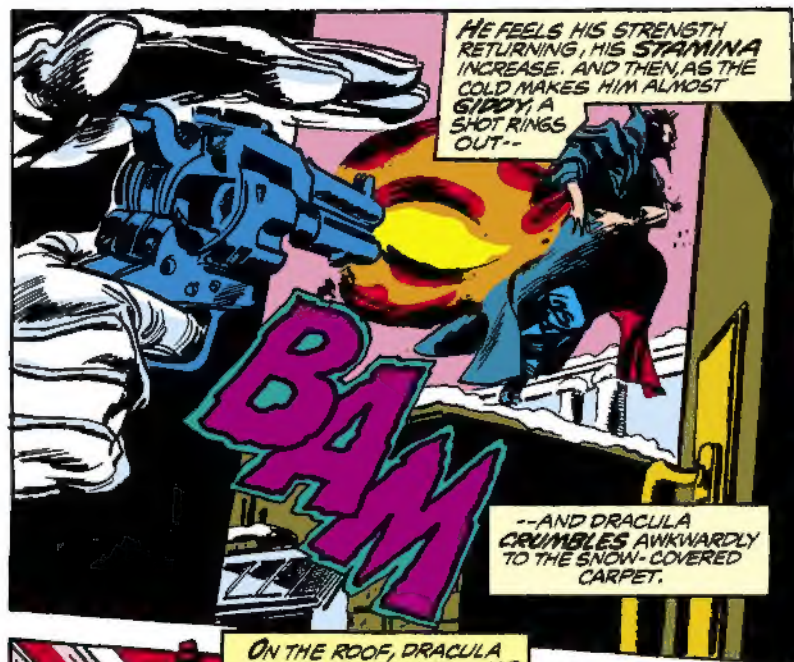
NOT HERE IN THESE CLOSE QUARTERS, AT ANY RATE.



THE VAMPIRE LORD STUMBLES OUT OF ANN KEATS' APARTMENT AND STAGGERS DOWN A LONG HALL WHOSE CARPET SOAKS UP DRACULA'S DRIPPING BLOOD.

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, THE FORMER LORD OF DARKNESS MAKES HIS WAY TO THE ROOFTOP WHERE THE COLDNESS OF THE WINTER NIGHT ALMOST INVIGORATES HIM.





HE FEELS HIS STRENGTH RETURNING, HIS **STAMINA** INCREASE. AND THEN, AS THE COLD MAKES HIM ALMOST **GIDDY**, A SHOT RINGS OUT--



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ANN KEATS' APARTMENT...

...POLICE? PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO **HURRY** HERE--THERE'S A **FIGHT** ON MY ROOF... THERE'S **GUNFIRE**.

PLEASE, COME-- SOMEONE'S GOING TO BE **KILLED**.

--AND DRACULA **CRUMBLES** AWKWARDLY TO THE SNOW-COVERED CARPET.



ON THE ROOF, DRACULA STRUGGLES TO RISE ONCE MORE... ONLY HE IS **TACKLED** BEFORE HE CAN MOVE...

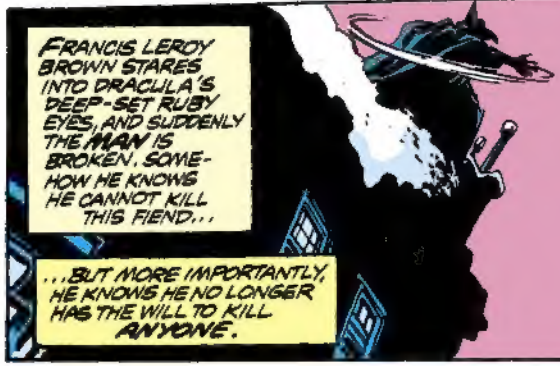
STAY DOWN, YA BLASTED FILTH!

AH KILLED YUH--STAY DEAD! STAY DEAD!



I--I AM NOT GOING... UNGHHH... GOING TO DIE...

...DO YOU HEAR ME...? I AM NOT GOING TO DIE!



FRANCIS LEROY BROWN STARES INTO DRACULA'S DEEP-SET RUBY EYES, AND SUDDENLY THE **MAN** IS BROKEN. SOMEHOW HE KNOWS HE CANNOT KILL THIS FIEND...

...BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE KNOWS HE NO LONGER HAS THE WILL TO KILL **ANYONE**.

THE GUN IS USELESS NOW, HIS SPIRIT IS **BROKEN**, AND FRANCIS LEROY BROWN THE MAN IS NO MORE.

HE DOESN'T PROTEST AS HE IS **LIFTED** OFF THE ROOF. HE DOESN'T CRY AS HE IS **HURLED** INTO THE AIR.

HE IS A DEAD MAN LONG BEFORE HIS BODY CRUSHES TO THE GROUND.

